

my very warmest welcome.
My very warmest welcome to Henry on his safe
return.
I shall meet with at the concert. Fine
day. That was a splendid night for you and
day. Thanks for your letter of yesterday.

Roxbury, Nov. 26, 1896.

Dear Fanny:

Once more at my desk at home.
I recognized no one in the cars from New
York to Boston, and so had the time to my-
self in reading the Times, Herald, and other
papers. Our train arrived exactly at the
minute due — 6.10 — accomplishing the dis-
tance from Worcester to Boston, 44 miles
in 58 minutes. My ever most filial
and attentive son Frank met me at the
crossing, and accompanied me to Rock-
ledge, abandoning his purpose to hear
Ole Bull at the Music Hall that even-
ing. Sarah had everything in readiness for
me, and the little pet kitten was prompt to
put in an appearance, greeting me as af-
fectionately as though I had not been absent
an hour.

New Haven

I have not yet received your letter of the 10th inst. I am sorry to hear of the loss of your mother. I hope you will find some consolation in the thought that she is now at rest.

Yesterday, at 1 o'clock, P. M., I attended the funeral of Mrs. Jenkins, at Chester Square, with William and Ellie. There was a large attendance, Rev. William P. Fildes conducting the services in a very sympathetic and acceptable manner. I followed him in a few remarks, it being the wish of Mr. Jenkins. I remarked upon the sad coincidence that, like himself, Mr. Fildes and myself had experienced a similar bereavement, all within the present year, and therefore could enter ^{into} the deepest sympathy with him. We went to the Forest Hill Cemetery, where the interment took place. Some sixteen carriages were in the procession. Poor Mr. Jenkins! how solitary he must now feel, not having a child left to comfort him! As his health is much broken, it is not unlikely that he may, ere long, be united with the loved one gone before. His wife was a strong staff to him, and the blow is a staggering one.

§ 26. After seeing a brief break into
Mayer's cell's house, and stop three hundred
dollars, with it was: C. S. Downing.

Mrs. Dall's father is dead. He
was at one time very wealthy, but lost
a great deal in a bad railroad invest-
ment; and whether he has been able or dis-
posed to leave her anything, I do not know.

My old anti-slavery friend and neigh-
bor, Joseph Ricketson, residing in Mar-
cella Street (formerly of New Bedford),
died and was buried during my absence.
He was a classmate of Judge Hoar,
who attended his funeral. It is only a
short time since he called to see me.

Frank Godwin (son-in-law of
Charles K. Whipple), after a brief mar-
riage, has lost his young wife.

Dr. Putnam occupied his pulpit
this forenoon. Charlotte Coffin was in
attendance, and after the services came
and dined with us. She reports all well
at home, and desires to be affectionately
remembered to you and the children. We
have invited her to be with us Thanksgiving.

ED I have a letter addressed to Henry's
care from Washington for "Miss. Deane"
I shall forward it to him.
I have a letter addressed to Henry's

Last evening we all went, with William, Ellie, and Lizzie Simmons, to Dr. Zack's Saturday night sociable in Cedar Street, and had a pleasant time, with many others.

This forenoon Frank took young Gissing on a pedestrian excursion to Corey's Hill; after which they went to hear Mr. Vincent's friend, Rev. Reuel Thomas, preach, near by. The discourse was extremely orthodox.

Frank has just gone to make a call upon Caroline Thayer.

I have taken a little cold, and have a touch of sore throat, and a feeling of soreness in my right breast - my vulnerable point.

Love to all the darlings - Helen, Harold, and Oswald. Sarah sends kind regards to you all. Your loving Father.